NOBLE BLOOD.

A STORY. BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

X1. Ambrose returned to his easel, feeling almost dissouraged again. But when he turned and looked

at her, behold! there were tears in her eyes. *I'll do anything you wish me to," said he, without attempting to be consecutive.

Will you promise not to tell, if I tell you about the duke-not even to mother or Aunt Fitz !" she asked, smiling again.

"I promise with all my heart!"

*Well, then, just stop painting that tiresome old picture, and come sit beside me, till you hear about it." Miss Cadogna continued. "It's enough to puzgle any one, sure, and what to do I don't know. Did you ever hear of the Honorable Miss O'Mutan-she's Lord Cathmogan's daughter !"

Ambrose shock his head. "What has she got to

"Maybe more than I have; but that's as God wills it. She's got freckles and red hair, and one shoulder higher than the other, and a bit of a squint, and not over-much money either; but she has a lord to her father, and that's better than peauty or riches."

"Then you'd be willing to change places with her,

she hasn't got him yet, and she shan't, if I can help it " said Moss Cadogna.

Ambrose began to fancy that he saw daylight.

* The dake's in love with her, is he ?"

"He's never set eyes on her, faith, nor she on him! But his nucle has, and that's the worst of it?" "His uncle? Who is he? You'll have to begin at

* His uncle is the one that has all the money, for hand. the duke houself is as poor as an Irish bog. But wait til I tell you. The duke-his name is Ardenti came of age three or four years ago, and if he'd aces, and a few thousand sends to begin with.

dogna, " for twas here his quale came into the mat-ter, and did everything for him. His nucle, you with a steady, rhythmic movement. It reached the their lives. So when poor Ofto-"

come to London and pay hum a visit, till be could partition flitting beneath the shadows of the trees. find out what sort of a young man he was."

This uncle seems to be a sensible fellow." "You may say that: I wish he was less so! He meaning and annable young gentleman, with beau-tiful manuers, and a face like a picture, and hands count, but more on account of the duke. He has that they hadn't visited; only he never let Otto out mogan. There's no nonsense about ner; she'll keep you in order; and take good care of the fortune I

you in order; and take good care of the fortune I shall transmit to you. That's what his uncle said to him, but he hasn't shown him Miss O'Mutan yet. He has the young man well in hand, but not well emough to risk that before the papers are signed, anyhow?" Miss Codegna ended with a hangh. The whole affair seemed to afford her amusement.

"Who told you this story?" asked Ambrose.

"Who told you this story?" asked Ambrose.

"Poor Otto himself—at least, he answered my questions. I met him all during the season, and I've seen Mr. Ardenti too, but never to speak to. Otto was in love the first gimpse he got of me, and wouldn't believe I wasn't a country woman of his own; and when I told him I was from County Manister, he uslied if I was Miss O'Mutan—Linth, my heart bidel for him then. So we got acquainted, and he pointed out all his sorrows to me. And he siged me to marry him half-a-dozen times in a

and here he is!"

"Is Mr. Ardenti here too!"

"Not he! But he's coming next week; and so werything must be settled between now and then."

"How do you mean, settled!"

"Whather we're to be married or not, to be sure!"

"But you just said becomed only marry a hely fusble birth, whom his uncleapproved of—and ha' as Miss O'Mutan."

"Well, it's this war—when he's rich her."

of notice both, whom his uncle approved of—and that was Misse O'Muttan."

"Well, it's this way—when he's with his nucle, he'll do as his nucle says, but when he's with me, he'd sell his soul to the devil (asking your pardon, Mr. Ambrosse it!) wished it. As for his uncle's money, we could do without that, for I've seeme of my own; but the question is, mn I do without his title! Besides, when the thing is done, and can't be undone, maybe Mr. Ardenti would be coming round a little, more by token it! got speech of him myself, and showed him I wasn't a threving Jewesa, nor an adventuress out of the gotter, but a document of a many with the more of the young man as well as Miss O'Mutan hersel?"

I "Them, as I understand, you contemplate making a ranaway match with him;" said. Ambrose, who was becoming more and more asteemed at every

ord. Nothing easier," responded Miss Cadogna geni-

"It would be very kind of you, if you would," said Miss Cadogna simply; and she gave him her hand

XII.

There was no moon that evening, but the sky was had a million a year, 'twould not have been too clear, and the air soft and still. At 7 o'clock Amhad a minion a year, two are token, his father brese set out for a walk, for he found his nerves in had been a man pretty much like himself, and havhad been a man precess made at the property, he'd not left through the ringged and narrow street of the old much of it, besides the renting of three or four pal town, he came upon the road which goes westward between the margin of the tidal river and the base However, the young Duke Ardenti was not the man to be put out by a traffe; so first be began on his with the river on his left. The splendor of the save something by going to Monaco, and putting became indistinguishable from its own reflection in the money on the green cloth; but whatever it was. In that immense call and silence, his the money on the green cloth; but whatevor it was, it did no good at all, except to the bank. Well, by that time he was preity low down; but he had a little left, and he thought he couldn't do better but more and more distinctly, above. How many than to fall in leve with it,—not with the money itself, you understand, which would have been itself, you understand have been itself, you will have been itsel than to fall in love with it.—not whe does itself, you understand, which would have been more sensible of hum—but to fall in love with somebody while the money held out."

"I understand," said Ambrose.

"Well, I don't knew much about that part of the story, except that the lady was a Jewess, and older than he was: and when his family found out what than he was: and when his family found out what he was about, they made a terrible desma layer, he was about, they made a terrible desma layer, and managed to get her out of the way, but not before sle'd pocketed the duic's last halfpenny. So fore sle'd pocketed the duic's last halfpenny. So what to do next be didn't know miess he'd go to what to do next be didn't know miess he'd go to she refer to a large gold mine in Wall Street," observed Ambrose, "but it requires a great deal of served Ambrose, "but it requires a great deal of served Ambrose, "but it requires a great deal of served Ambrose, "but it requires a great deal of served Ambrose, "but it requires a great deal of served Ambrose, but it requires a great deal of the bay. You for the yucht lay at any condition to for you' was his reply.

"I have no thought but of you'' was his reply.

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"I have no thought but of you'' was his reply.

"I have no thought but of you'' was his feeling.

"I have no thought but of you'' was his pour and her noble was all her all head head hum; she seemed deep un meditation. He saw head head hum; she seemed deep un meditation. He saw head head hum; she seemed deep u

served Ambrose, "but it requires a great dear of mounted mass of darkness, training in the moner to work it successfully. On the whole I think the model scheme was much the more promising. But what did he do, as much the more promising. But what did he do, as chor, defined by a red and a green lantern, at stern to his lips; but, remembering who had last kissed matter of fact I" and stem. Now another lantern was carried along ber decks; it pansed amidships; there was a faint see, was the only one of the Ardentis who ever was wharf, and there stopped, and was lost to view in anything except a duke and a man of lessure. He | the shadow. Ambrose withdrew from the parapet was the younger brother of my duke's father-I call | passed beneath the spreading branches of the trees him my duke just to distinguish him, you know - and some rude steps cut in the face of the rock at and when he saw how the property was going, he the back of the terrace. A small colar grow here, and being a clever man in his bend, he came to folings. Beneath this tree Ambrose found a seat; London and went into the iron trade, and called himself plain Mr. Ardenti, and faith! he made more so, the clock in the square tower of the old church, money than ever all the Ardentis put together had down in the village, struck D. A few moments later, the terrace, and walked across to the centre, where he halted and glanced about him. He rested his dake, so what could I do except give the young man shoulders against the frank of a tree, and remained When the uncle heard of his poor nephew's mis- Ambrose kept his eyes fixed upon the western gate, and I after what I have done, without impraving fortunes (does that satisfy you'), of course he was Suddenly, at last, she appeared, walking with the it. family; but the first thing he did was to make him | former night, when he had seen a mysterious ap-

Ambrose now rose, and passing along the rocky

shrubbery, and so gained the road down which Miss came to the conclusion that Otto was a very well- Cadogna had just come. He did not wish netually count, but more on account of the duke. He had and feet like a woman's; but as for his brains, they seen enough to be able to say that he had been preswere not the strongest part of him, and his dis- ent at the meeting, and that was sufficient. He felt position so easy that he'd take the color of the last | confident of the lady's ability to keep her lover in person he was with; and whatever you told him to order, and be contented himself with taking up a position near enough to be summoned in case an lody clse who told him different. So to begin emergency should arise, but where he could neither with, the uncle got him a yacht, and went sailing see nor be seen. In order to beguite the monotony with the uncle got him a yacht, and went saining see nor be seed. In order a prolonged vigil, no took with him, all over the seas for a year or two, till of what might turn out a prolonged vigil, no took thought might have a great deal of truth in it. there wasn't a place hardly that ever you heard of out a cigar, cautiously struck a light, and smoked, that they hadn't visited; only he never let Otto out. It was an odd situation to find bimself in; and of his sight when they were ashore: and at sea he trying, if not tragic, though it was from one point taught him all about the ropes and the compass, till of view, it had its ludierous side as Ambrose did not he could sail a vessel almost as well as the fail to perceive. But he also perceived that the little. untile lumself. That was to strongthen his mind and character, you see. At last he brought him back to some disinterested third party than it did at present Loudon, and then he told him what he meant to do to himself. He might laugh next year; but he did her with him. 'I'll give you all the money you want as look langhing now. It was not impossible, long as I live,' said he, and when I die I'll make moreover, that he was making a fool of himself, or. you my heir-but on this condition: I'll have you worse yet, was being made a fool of. He did not rossing after no more Jewesses and adventuresses know this girl-this samptuous, smiling, mysterious out of the gutter; you must marry no one except a weman of noble birth, and one that l'approve of; Beatrice; he had not comprehended nor fathomed her; he could not foreteil what her action would be for if you do you may look out for yourself, for I'll | under given conditions. Why should be trust her? never give you a penny. And to save you trouble. If she had been freekled and crooked, like Miss Eve fixed upon a very suitable young lady, of ex-tellent family and lineage,—none better,—and that's the daughter of my old friend Lord Cath-might be a duke or who might be anything else). and that she had designed to torture Ambrose by in viting him to witness their lover's meeting? She would know how to make it a torinre to him, in the most pognant sense of the word. Doubtless too, she would communicate the fact of his presence to she would communicate the fact of his presence to the Italian; together they would concert methods of protracting and increasing his forment. True, Ambrese had foiled this part of their arrangement by withdrawing himself from gashs, but the control and off with the malacine. Ambrose had foried this part of their arrangement by withdrawing himself from sight; but he unfor-

> going to do? Beatrice of such things. But it was a curious fact when he found out the deception, he'd not have the that he could not apply any moderate or ordinary heart to deny me. But at that he vowed I'd never judgments to her. If she were anything but good hard pare, she might easily be phenomenally worked. Her nature was a singular mingling of the Italian and the Irish. What kind of a woman had the first. Well, I couldn't but laugh a little at that; so then Reatrice been, who had so mysteriously disappeared? If the tradition represented any truth, she had, at all events, obeyed the law within herself in preference to any higher law. There was no reason making a fool of him, 'twasn't me, but his mother, to suppose that the ingrafting of the Irish element he should be blaming for that. Then what did he would have rendered her any more law-abiding. It

but, in this dark lane, he could do nothing but pic. Ime, but only whether he was enough of a duke to solving easier, responded Miss Cadogna genially. "Wouldn't Father MacDermost tie the knot to the face and solving of the same of the same of the same of the wharf to carry us out of larm's way. It's just like a story out of a book."

"Yes, especially the ending—'they lived happy over after?" Well, Miss Cadogna, it's a very strange.

She could not judge of men; she had no experience. Why might not the stand coasted to the floor, arrange of the might be in make up for any deficiency there might be in make up for any deficiency there might be in make up for any deficiency there might be in make up for any deficiency there might be in make up for any deficiency there might be in make up for any deficiency there might be in make up for any deficiency there might be in make up for any deficiency there might be in make up for any deficiency there might be in make up for any deficiency there might be in make up for any deficiency there might be in my love for him; but even that didn't seem to please him, and he wanted to know, was there any one else him, and he wante

surprise.

"Signor Ambrosio, vou're the day after the fair."
The an over, Why defin't you come as you promised, instead of leaving a poor girl defenceless among her -lovers 7
"Where did you—expect me to be ?" stammere

ing terribly ashmed.

"Faith, I'm glad it was no worse!" returned she, laughing again. After a pause she went on: "So you were there siter all?"

"I was there, of course," said he, "but I didn't They walked along together for some distance in her eyes flashed and fell.

ence.
"You're a cucer may, Mr. Ambrose," she remarked length. Something in the tone in which she ambrose was silent, watching her intently. For Ambrose was silent, watching her intently.

Ambrose shock his head.

XIII.

Next day Miss Cadogna looked as fresh and serene as if she had never heard of such a thing as a lover, or suspected that she was beautiful. Nor was there any trace of sentiment in her manner.

Saked at length.

Ambrose shock his head.

"I mean," she added, "If I married the duke to "I don't believe you can marry him."

"Well, For going to try," returned Miss Cadogna, leoking up again.

"Bah!" exclaimed Ambrose, throwing down his painter and brushes, "you don't know what love is! or suspected that she was benutiful. Nor was there any trace of sentiment in her manner. She appeared unimproscible and (in a cheorful way) inaccessible. Ambrose, therefore, made no reference at first to the transactions of the previous night, and the sitting proceeded in the most commonplace style. There seemed to be two Miss Calognas; or, style. There seemed to be two Miss Calognas; or, style. There seemed to be two Miss Calognas; or, style. There seemed to be two Miss Calognas; or, style. perhaps, an indefinite number. You never could tell, from day to day, or even from hour to hour,

which one would present herself.

"I'm not sure that I have any right to make you sit to me," remarked Ambrose at length. "You give me a different idea about the picture every day: and I alter what I have done, without impraving and I alter what I have done, without impraving the studio. He was at the end of his resources. In the studio is was at the end of his resources. In our other woman, such behavior as hers would not teel the studio is was at the end of his resources. In our other woman, such behavior as hers would not teel the studio is a simply revolting. But he could not teel his name?" returned Miss Cadogna innocently. in this position for several minutes. Meanwhile me a different idea about the picture every day:

what you'd have given your life for yesterday." "That may be your experience," said the artist,

" It isn't mine. wall at the back of the terrace, entered a growth of "I care for one thing," returned Miss Cadogna, "though I'm not decided just what way I'd best like

> "You may find, when you've got it, that you don't care for it all." "If you could prove that, it would simplify things, wouldn't it?"

> "You know more about yourself than I do." "Indeed, that's where you make a mistake, Mr. Ambrose. "Tis little enough I've understood of my-self, since first I put on long dresses!"

Ambrose was struck by this remark, which he " What does Duke Ardenti think " he inquired. " He doesn't think much, I fancy; he's too full of wishes," she answered, lifting her dark evebrows a

artist, leaning back in his chair and contemplating

eiding; he should be man enough to decide for me. And so he would, poor fellow; only, if he was to decide that black's white, for instance, I wouldn't be-Here him, so what good would it be ?"

"If neither you nor he can decide, then time and

Uncle Ardenti will." "That's just the worst of it!-to be ordered about that way by a week or ten days, or an old gentleman who doesn't know of your existence! I'd sooner obey somebody I'm acquainted with, at

turntely possessed a vivid imagination; and he could see—almost as distinctly as if he really saw it. These weren't the reasons I gave him, though; he'd the Italian throw his arms round Beatrice, and press his lips passionately to hers; and she did not recoil—no, she responded to the pressure! The artist jumped to his feed, and made a step or two in the direction of the terrace. But in a moment he halted, and turned on his heel. What had he been going to do? It was foolish, it was shameful, to suspect and I'd make him take a fancy to me, and then. be undone, maybe Mr. Ardenti would be coming round a little, more by teken if I got speech of him maybelf, and showed him I wasn't a thieving Jewess, nor an adventuress out of the gatter, but a dependence on the plant hody enough, who could take care of the young made as well as Miss O'Mutan herself."

I Then, as I understand, you contemplate making a runaway match with him? and Ambrose, who was iscoming more and more astounded at every word.

Ambrose tried to turn the current of his thoughts into some other channel. Had it been daylight, he was iscoming more and more astounded at every word.

Nothing easier," responded Miss Cadews.

DAY, JULY 20, 1884.—TWELVE PAGES

The children between sustering on man and infrageness people. He address, faithfulness is insular than the second of the control of the c Although the did have—the remotest of the property of the control of the control

"I meant, yesterday," said be, "to go with you to ambrose, endeavoring as best be could to conceal his revolver, which he had neglected to uncock.

"Why, waiting for me at the door of the honse, to be agre; and didn't I lose five minutes precious time. —What's that, sir? she broke of, as the click of the pistel bock caught her ear. With a swift movement slie graspied his wrist, and the weapon was revealed. She looked steadily in his face for a moment or two, and then burst into a laugh.

"Which of its was it for? she demanded. "For him, or for me—or for you?"

National of the latter of the latter

Ambrose turned away, and walked up and down the stulio. He was at the end of his resources. In any other woman, such behavior as hers would have been simply revolting. But he could not feel against her that resentment or disgrist that he origin to have felt. He fancied there was something behind, which, could be reach it, would set all right. He was contending, not against her belief or even against her mellination, but against her belief or even against her mellination, but against her will, and with low, if he could find a way to compel her; but she would do nothing of her own accord. Such at least, was his reading of the simation. She had previously summed up her attitude from an intellectual point of viaw, and had come to the conclusion that a worldly marriage was what she wanted; and she would not abandon that conclusion if she could help it. She longed to do so, perhaps; but until she could regard the longing as a law, instead of a weakness, she would not suescible to it; and mean while she would protect herself by the shallowest and most naked cyncism. What was to be done? Ambrose left as if this were a symbolic struggle between good and evil, with Heatrice as the prize,—and what a prize! It was no use reasoning with her.

He was staring bainfully ont of one of the windows, when she made an exclamation, and be turned round. She was still busy with the cabinet.

See here, the fine discovery! I've made, she said. Ambrose recollected his fancial idea that the cabinet contained the secret of key to his puture. He came slowly, and stood beside her.

The central aperture or propouchole of the interior of the cabinet was formed with a Byzantine archway, with a hitle pillar on each size. One of these pillars moved ou a hidden pivot, she had pushed it aside, and thereby revealed the fact that the whole top of the archway was the front of a drawn, on opening which a small book was displayed, in a dark fifteenth century binding, with gold clasps, and a lewel set in each corner of the ton cover.

There's a sciret th

Ambrose was on the point of saving that the morrow she spoke of might be at long time in commar: but he reflected that unavoidable creaming; but he reflected that unavoidable creamingances—such as the necessity of packing up and removing his artistia belongings, and of bidding adden to Mrs. Cadogna and Aant Fitz—must involably bring them together again, even were no inforesient event to happen; se he adlowed this most barren and unsatisfactory interview to conclude with apparently commonplace mainforence; and with apparently commonplace indifference; and when Miss Cadogua had left him, he returned to his inn with a heavy heart. To be Continued.

TAME SVIKES.

Watter Secera in Casedl's Magazine.

While looking at some simal pictures hanging crooked on the wail. I noticed, what strick me as being very old, a red blanket protrading from a hole in the wails settling near the market peece. In repay formy inquiry as to what this meant, my host said, "Oh, that is most we keep yet slakes are you atraid of snakes?" before I could stammer out a repir, and which was trying to should my nervee, he throat in his arm, and saided out with the blanket a bit of serpents, which time brought out the rest of the blanket, and with it two large snakes, which he informed me were special favorities—a by thou and a bot constitution. These at once coiled themselves all round my hosts body, in and out of his arms, and about his need.

Dayed with astonishment and shaking with fear, I tried to retreat, but he assured me, in winning accents and soft words that the "dear things" were quite tame; and for some minutes we stood, I close by the window—which I thought might afford a means of escape—and he between me and the most sundenny my coccutive bod, who had very large, excited eyes, cubed out that he must really reich down his wite, and shoveling off the not some difficulty), he darled from the room, closing the door befind thu. I leave you, kind readers, to unadree my feetings! I experienced a creepy sensation if my hair and strange feetings of flacination, frantiess, and lept stretching out that hey not look round at my possible window—sensine. The two holes of was only dained by the beating with what seemed to me a devilish inquisitioness.

The sience was only daineded by the beating of my

All in her neat, white-curranted room, before

So nicely, round her hidy-checks.
She amoothed her bands of glossy hair,
And innocently wondered if
Her bonned did not make her fair.—
Then sternly child her foolish heart for harboring such
fancies there.

DOKING GLASS.

So square and tied the safin strings,
And set the hows beneath her chia!
Then smiled to see how award she looked;
Then thought her vanity a sin.
And sie must put such thoughts away before the sermon should begin.

But, sitting 'neath the preached word,
Demurely, in her father's pew.
But thought about her bounet still,—
Yes, all the parson's sermon through,—
hout its pretty hows and bads which better than the
text she knew.

Yet sutting there with peaceful face,
The reflex of mer simple soul.
She looked to be a very selac.
And may be was one, on the whole.

And may be was one, on the whole.

MARY E. WILKINS.

ROND # 4U.

I gissed her hand and sped awar.
With winged feet that dured not stay
Where honeved lips a pitfall made
For stern Decorum, nimity stand,
And cruel Cupuls Amoushed lay.

Oft, wondering shall I dream and say, "Might I have kissed her lips that day I When temper sore—yet half atraid— I kissed her hand I" Oh, who can tell me if I may Near those -west portals haply stray, Before Time's wringling touch is laid On cheek and brow's Still be this said, "Twill be a joy to know when gray," I kissed her mand.

A MODERN SAPPHO.

From Baldmin's Monthly. With sortens yet hisfilled to be,
She touched her matchiess lyre,
And sung "The Blue figural Sea,"
Of Chio, and the Bris;
All immitess and unforeseen,
Of new found constellators.
And conservation would rush between,
With rash conglomerations.

She sing of things deep out of sight:
Of gainnt spain's Armada.
That dared against old Eugland's might
So rasnly te invane her:
The Bay of Biscay, Aldiers's Bey,
Of the unhappy Ceal.
And his successor, inliked some day,
All in a palace car.

She sung the New Philosophy And its concurrent theses,

And its concurrent thoses,
By that same blue. Figeau sea,
Just now where modern threece is
How Socrates had read and ran,
With all his wind and sieam on;
For since creation's dawn began or since creation's dawn began Lach man had had his demon. She snug of Rome—her ancient graves.
Her legis and curators.
When by the tawny Tiber's waves.
Once walked her great Dictators.
And of the brave old daustless race.
That here the brave six Hundred.
(Her lover thought how out of place.
Six hundred more had blundered).

He clutened her by her cheese cloth gown : He clutened her by her choses clott.

No mortal man could stand it:
Look on me even with a frown,
And take me for a bandit;
But wrap me in a Yankee rhyme
And sing out something nearer;
Than all that the tenmertal time,
A mertal love is dearer!

S. D. CLARK.

theins personed from eating its cream on the Fourth of July?

Sind—"Yes, I believe I did read something about it."

He—"It's very dangerous to est too cream at this assame. No leas than 150 persons were more or less affected."

The—"Yes, but you know, George, that immediately after an accident of that kind the confectioners are untof more careful about the ingredients than they were before and there is really much less danger right now than at any other time."—[Texas siftings.

descended from the oldest family and bears the oldest surpaine in Enghand.

Shortly after relating this anesdote Lord Paimerson received a letter from a sentleman way, having read the report, claimed the privilege of correcting a unitake bis lordship has made in stating that furklas was the oldest of English surpaines and entoined him to reconsider the matter, when he would find that the most ancient frainly in England were the Warshots of Chertosy, lineally descrated from Satons was were vectored in that neighborhood before the Norman Couquest. Lard Paimerston, having weighed the matter over, as requested, admitted that he stood corrected and thanked his correspondent for putting him right on what se our sidered a point of no small seinfideance. A out-six years ago I resolved upon paying a visit to Chertosy, for the purpose of ascertaining if any of the Warshots were still iving there; but was sorry to learn that not a single member of the family was left to relate anything respecting their ancestry.

CALER CUSHING SILENCED.

From Reminiscences of Joseph M. Blake in The Providence From Reminiscences of Joseph M. Blake in The Providence Journal.

With all the campaigns of Napoleon he was perfectly familiar. One day he met Galeb Cushing at my office, and this gentleman, whose knowledge was very extensive, but who was sometimes up to make a display of his recent reading, and who had evidently been looking at a new work about Napoleon, began to talk to Mr. Blake about one of his caupaigns. Mr. Blake led him along by questions until it became very syident that he knowledge was more general than accurate, and then throed upon him with a detailed account so precise and clear that it might seem to have been the subject of his special study. Mr. Cushing withdow from the discussion and changes the subject, and the next day i received a note from Mr. Blake, in which he said: "Please don't tell anybody how Mr. Cushing exposed my ignorance."

SACRED MUSIC.

* From Musical Opinion.

8 " Desist," extelained an indignant mother to her sea when one Sunday afternoon she could hear sounds tashing from the piano in her drawing room which were not quite compatible with her Sabbatarian ideas of sacred missio; "desist, you know what an eversion have to true knod of missio heing played on sundays." But, mamma dear," an swered the son, "the place is called "The March of the Jewish Priests." "oht very well, replied the mater, "if it is anything to do with priests it must be sacred, so pray continue." This reminds as how, some few years ago, we were weather-bound at a small house in the country-mear Paversham. Time: Sanday evening—a wet one. "Oh, I should like you to be the priest of the doubter play." "Ma, dear, what shall it play! I don't know any sucred pleces." After a short "aside" between mother and dampher, a well-worn "Hausilton's Plano Tutor," was preduced, and the "Maiden's Prayer" was accepted as "sacred" by our worthy hostess.

STRANGE ATTITUDES AFTER DEATH.

worthy hostess.

STRANGE ATTITUDES AFIER DEATH.

Dr. C.E. Brown-Sequent is La Nature.

One of the most striking examples of the strange fact that I am about to study was observed by Dr. Rossloch, of Wurtbourg, upon the battlefield of Beaumont, mear sedam in 1870. He found the corpse of a solder, half-silting, half-reclaims, upon the ground, and deletately boiding a tin cap between his thumb and foreflager, and directing it toward a mouth that was wanting. The poor man had, while in this position, been killed by a common ball that took off his heat and all of his face except the lower law. The body and arms at the instant of death had suddenly taken on a reconst that caused them afterward to romain in the nosation in which they were when the head was remared. Twenty-four hours had e-apsed sin e the battle, when Dr. Rossloch found the body in the state.

A detachment of United States soldiers, foraging around Goddslorough, N. t., came solderly upon a small oand of Southern troopers who had dismounted. These latter immediately jumped into their saddles, and all scampered itsuly except one, after being expessed to one round of fire. The soldier sho dai not except was sitting upright, one faot in his scierup. In his left hand had grapped the harred of his rifle, near the murgle, the stock of the gun resting on the ground. The horseman's head was turned toward his right shoulder, apparently warehing the approach of the assailing party. Some of the soldiers of the latter owner his right shoulder, apparently warehing the approach of the man approach of the was dead and right in the starill of his rifle, near the murgle, the stock of the gun resting on the ground. The horseman's head was turned toward his right shoulder, apparently warehing the approach of the safet was partially elaborated to surrender, made no answer. When he was approached and examined, it was found that he was dead and right in the starill refer had been strike by two halls fred from springfield rifles. One of these had ensured the same had over the

. .

A writer in the East says of a camel: "It travels at a slow, lounging pace, beyond which it is dangerous, with nine camels out of ten, to orge them, or else, as Asiatics say, they 'break their hearts' not dis 'literally' on the spot." The district messenger boy seems to have much the same ascure. —(boston Poes.